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Twas God that called them to depart  
They was the darlings of our heart.

Beneath this stone lies children five  
Endearing objects when alive  
Though long in silence here the're lain  
They certain will revive again.

This stone  
is erected to the  
Memory of Will-  
iam Sey-mour  
son of Capt Sam-  
uel Seymour &  
Rebeker his  
wife, who Depart  
-ed this life the 30<sup>th</sup> day  
of December — A. D.  
1797 aged six.

Here lies the  
Body of Mr Lew-  
is Collens 3<sup>d</sup> son  
of Timothy  
Collins Esq<sup>o</sup> who  
died July y<sup>o</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>  
A. D 1753 in y<sup>o</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>  
year of his age.

Having had 13 children  
101 Grand children  
274 Great Grand children  
22 Great great grand children  
410 Total.

BRIDE-STEALING IN NEW ENGLAND.—(See the paper of Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, “Old-Time Marriage Customs in New England,” No. xxi., 1893, p. 97.) With reference to the article of Mrs. Earle, may be compared the poem of Mrs. Emma Willard, entitled “Bride-Stealing, a Tale of New England’s Middle Age,” read at Farmington in 1840, from which I subjoin extracts.

The historical poem followed the exercises of the day, which included another poem from the pen of the same authoress, entitled “Our Father,” and an oration by Rev. Dr. Porter of New Milford, the occasion being the celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of Farmington, Conn.

Now all the wedding guests were met, . . .  
Then cake went round and other matters,  
Handed on well scoured pewter platters.  
Well shone his whitest teeth on black,  
The Ensign’s negro, good old Jack.  
Borrowed at need, the only waiter  
Save Norton’s Tom, who brought forth platter ;  
Or what’s that lordly dish so rare  
That glitters forth in splendors glare ?  
“Tell us, Miss Norton, is it silver ?  
Is it from China or Brazil — or ” —  
. . . Quoth the good dame, “ ‘T is a tin pan,  
The first made in the colony,  
The maker Pattison’s hard by —  
From Ireland in the last ship o’er.”  
. . . Next skreaked the tuning violin.  
• • • • •

The bridegroom liked it not at all,  
 Just bent his form the time to show,  
 As beaux and ladies all do now. . . .  
 His eye upon young Burnham fell,  
 He watched him close and read him well ;  
 Among his set detected signs,  
 Then warned his bride of their designs.  
 " Beware," he whispered, " Burnham's gang.  
 Villain, one day he 'll surely hang.  
 They mean, my gentle love, to steal thee,  
 Be silent, nor let looks reveal thee ;  
 Still keep by me and fear no harm,  
 Beneath the shelter of this arm."  
 She said, " I *will* obey, not *must*.  
 Thy arm, thy head, thy heart I trust."  
 Burnham approached. " Should he have pleasure  
 With the fair bride to lead one measure ? "  
 " Sorry she was, but truth be spoken,  
 The heel tap from her shoe had broken.  
 Yon ugly chink upon the floor  
 Had snapped it off an inch or more."  
 With look displeased the youth withdrew  
 Much doubting if she spoke him true.  
 To Mercy Hart away he posted,  
 Who came and thus the bride accosted :  
 " Oh, Tabby, come along with me,  
 I 'll show you something rare to see."  
 " Indeed, dear Mercy, I can't go,  
 My stay lace " — and she whispered low.  
 " Well, then, Miss Lee, if you can't come  
 And see your friends, we 'd best go home."  
 In vain — she could not tempt the bride  
 To quit, like Eve, her Adam's side.  
 Now came the parting good-byes on,  
 Lee whispered few words and was gone,  
 And in a short five minutes more  
 By movement quick, she gained her door,  
 Drew fast the bolt, but straight pursue  
 With riot the confederate crew.  
 One mounted on fleet steed was near,  
 The bride, when stolen, off to bear.  
 Now at the door with shout and din,  
 They called aloud to let them in.  
 " Quick, open, or the door we break."  
 Down falls the door with crash and crack,  
 What saw those graceless felons then ?  
 A timid woman, no, a man —  
 Aye, more than man he seemed to be,  
 As armed with club, stood Isaac Lee ;  
 Darted his eye indignant fire,  
 Thundered his voice with righteous ire.  
 " Back, villains, back, the man is dead  
 Who lifts a hand to touch that head."

They stood aghast, a moment gone,  
Mad and inebriate all rushed on.  
“Seize him,” cried Burnham, with a scoff,  
“While I take her and bear her off.”  
Ere the word ended, down he fell:  
Lee’s giant blow had lighted well,  
And quick and oft those strokes descended;  
And when that battle fierce was ended,  
Three men lay on the floor for dead,  
And four more, wounded, turned and fled.  
Dead they were not, but bruised full sore,  
The bride and bridegroom bending o’er  
With care and cordial, life restore,  
Others came, too — the wounded raised,  
And Isaac’s valor loudly praised.  
None thought him made of such true stuff,  
But hoped the rascals had enough,  
All said ‘t was right, and south and north  
Abjured *Bride Stealing*<sup>1</sup> from henceforth.

In the preface of the publication, it is stated that “the events, the localities, and the personages were all strictly real, and Ensign Hart and little Sammy no other than the grandfather and father of the authoress.”

*Emily E. Ford.*

97 CLARK ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PROPOSAL FOR FOLK-LORE RESEARCH AT HAMPTON, VA.—We take pleasure in printing the following address, issued by a teacher in the Hampton School, who is also a member of The American Folk-Lore Society. The task of collecting negro traditions, promoted in part by students of the negro race, cannot fail to be as interesting in results as beneficial to the persons engaged in the work.

*To graduates of the Hampton Normal School and all others who may be interested:*

DEAR FRIENDS,—The American Negroes are rising so rapidly from the condition of ignorance and poverty in which slavery left them, to a position among the cultivated and civilized people of the earth, that the time seems not far distant when they shall have cast off their past entirely, and stand, an anomaly among civilized races, as a people having no distinct traditions, beliefs, or ideas from which a history of their growth may be traced. If within the next few years care is not taken to collect and preserve all traditions and customs peculiar to the Negroes, there will be little to reward the search of the future historian who would trace the history of his people from the African continent, through the years of slavery, to the position which they will hold a few generations hence. Even now the children are growing up with little knowledge of what their ancestors have

<sup>1</sup> “To steal the bride, was for a party of young men, accompanied by some young women, to carry her off, take her junketing about to neighboring taverns, and bring her home the next day. It was a coarse jest, and not unfrequently a malicious one, got up by some disappointed rival.”